



[locked/work] "I'm going to write you a letter on a dusty boxcar wall."



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MOOD: 😐 complicated

MUSIC: Black Heart Procession - Tropics of Love

Woo. Ran out of blood sugar big time at yoga class this morning. Started to wobble, sewing machine legs, feeling greenish. Not so great, actually, but my gym stocks packet cocoa in the lounge, and that got me in to work without falling over.

My gym is a rehab facility that's also open to the public, which I really like about it. So it's not wall to wall Beautiful People, but plenty of awkward, skinny, round, old, young, injured folks just doing the best we can, getting up and moving a little. It's good.

There's this one woman in my yoga class--she's big, 220 pounds and 5'9", with wide shoulders and amazon thighs. She used to come in in these long baggy t-shirts and harem pants, and lately there's been more a change to stretch Prana shirts and yoga pants, stuff that fits her form and is easy to move in. And she's been smiling more, and performing better.

And sure, she's got a belly and hips and she's not the sort of woman they put in fashion magazines, but when she dresses for the sport instead of to hide herself, you can also see that she has these amazing shoulders, and cut calves, and her lats ripple when she pushes herself into downward-facing dog. And she has these magnificent breasts, and--well, let's leave it there. She's hot as hell, in a totally unconventional way, is what I'm trying to say.

I was sort of watching her out of the corner of my eye today, because she was smiling and sweating and it made me happy, and it occurred to me that every body in the room was just as worthy as every other one. There's a regular who comes, the woman with the just ass-length curtains of amazing blond hair I know I've mentioned before, who is a very accomplished yogi and

who has the kind of physique they use to sell workout videos.
She's powerful and totally unselfconscious.

And there's the woman with the shoulders. But why should she be blushing and tugging her t-shirt down to cover her belly when she stretches when the skinny girls don't bother? And why should I be making sure my shirt is tucked in so it doesn't slide up and show my back and shoulders when people who don't have scars don't bother? There's an older woman with a double mastectomy, and I've seen her in street clothes--she wears a prosthesis. But not in yoga class.

She's not ashamed. Or if she is, she doesn't let it get in her way.

You only get the body you get, right? Everything else is an external value judgment.



This looks like a
good idea.

...

This.

...

Little guy's not
bad.

Gotta teach RHex
to smear.

0 comments